

Roger & Laura Dye
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It's a beautiful shot of the paintball team in front of our church. They all look happy, dressed in army gear, smiling. It would actually be a great photo if it were a church sponsored event, but no, it isn't. Natural Paintball advertised on the internet how to get to our church and enjoy nature in a fun sport. Roger happened upon this event one weekday. The large billboard sign along with official looking tables in the parking lot drew his attention first. I can see Roger sauntering up to the tables trying to find words for this large trespassing event.

Upon returning home he quickly wrote an e-mail to interested folks in the church. The lawyer of the crowd thankfully contained his own ire waiting for direction from the rest, while another could see clearly that God was bringing the harvest to our doorstep. Both reactions are appropriate, but the net result was to request they cease and desist unapproved use of church property. I hope the admonition that there is a mission field we are missing still rings true in the congregation.

The large bang followed by hundreds of marbles rolling around would have sent me running upstairs if I were new at this mom stuff. Now, I smile, knowing what happened and that Hudson won't be bored for at least ten minutes while he picks them all up. Many areas of parenting are still not known to me. This teenage stuff has taken some getting used to. The hard and fast rules we had established are now, well, flexible. Other rules become necessary. Bedtime is no longer at 8 sharp. I often am snoozing long before our two teenagers are even thinking about sleep. They also don't bound into our bedrooms before sun up any more.

Sending our first child out of the country for high school is one of those unknowns that I dread. Our friends have easily shared their opinions about our decision to send Deanna to the US for high school. I don't think they used the word "crazy", but it must have been on the tips of their tongues. My heart screams "crazy!" just as it did when we first let Deanna cry it out at bedtime. The first night I sat outside her door listening and crying with her. The second night vacuuming seemed like a good idea to drown out the cries. We knew it was the right thing for her, but it still hurt.

So Deanna and I leave for the US on July 30th, which also happens to be her birthday. We'll spend several days shopping for things she will need and visiting doctor, dentist and orthodontist before she checks in as a resident student at Ben

Lippen High School in Columbia, SC. I don't suppose they have vacuum cleaners on the airplane for grieving mothers.

Suzy says, "I'm really old for my age."

Know of our prayers for you all tonight.

Laura Dye for Roger and the kids, CHILE